—1906—

New Year's Day — Monday, 1.

We went to City Park and watched the skating, and wished we could.

Tuesday, 2.

Shopped again. Both read all afternoon.

Wednesday, 3.

Still trying to get me arrested. Letter from Connie: looks as the situation was bad. Sent her fake letters (from Texas) to show we've gone to Davis in Mexico, to let them "glimpse" at.

Thursday, 4

Telegram from Connie. Shooting suspected fight. Connie gone to hospital. 2 telegrams to Judge Hatch & also letter with marriage certificate. Room hunting, as rent was raised.

12
26-31
5

Tuesday, 26.

Bought some old books; had 100 Herbert Ellison cards printed

Wednesday, 27.

A still ill - very queer. Hope nothing's wrong.

Thursday, 28.

Dressed for theatre ("Stongheart") but didn't go, because A didn't get dressed, and her turn was sworln.

Friday, 29

Two letters from Connie. D is vilely treacherous, C has balked, and the separation of the 2 is certain. Visited uncompleted Denver Mint.

Saturday, 30.
Sunday, 31.

Two most uneventful days yet.

Friday, 5

O and I climbed the dome stairway of the Capitol. Gorgeous view of the city and mountains.

Saturday, 6.

Mother uneventful day. No word from L.A. for 2 days

Sunday, 7.

Breakfast at the Shirley. Appears about L.A. situation. Later: Telegram from Connie; "things coming right slowly." Read it to O, who was asleep. She answered. Tomorrow I found out she was sound asleep, and thought I was crazy when I spoke of "Connie's telegram of Sunday evening."

Lovely snowstorm - first O has seen. We played snowball on Broadway and on 17th.

Monday, 8

Frolicking in bed this morning I hurt O's spine.

Tuesday, 9.

Ora Hood, Miss Teller, Bruce Teller — no work from any of them. Ó's spine worse. God! I hope it's not going to be paralyzed.

Wednesday, 10.

Londoner, Hicks, and another swell. All very kind & sympathetic. Maybe I'll get some work from some of them.

Thursday, 11.

Moved from "the Holly" to a room at $2 a week less. 1250 South 14th St. Charming little sunny place, but inconvenient after the service of recent days.

Friday, 12.

"The 12th?" "Thee! We've been married a whole month.

Saturday, 13.

Fur cap, heavenly overcoat. Regret afterward, when I realized we had only enough money for one week after this one.

Sunday 14.

Still no word from Connie! Cut out ads for work.

Monday, 15.

Hunted for work with C. Secured nothing. Mrs. Pierce – very, very nice Englishwoman. Heard from Connie at last. Brownans have taken a hand. Raised ~~Tuesday 16~~ $1500 to track us. D pretends loss of memory.

Tuesday, 16.

"The Journal of Arthur Stirling" is a great book – ranks with "The Diary of a Musician." Wouldn't C like it! But he's flopped again: hates Mac & Connie for hunting his Dorothy.

1/17-20/6

Wednesday, 17.

Q wants me to compile a poetry book. I'm afraid there are too many already. (Oxford Book of English Verse, by Quiller-Couch; W. C. Bryants; Cambridge Book, by Bates; Palgrave's Golden Treasury; 100 Best American Poems; and an "anthology" by someone which I think is the best of the lot, though I haven't read it — and they're all useless.

Thursday, 18

Connie again writes. Things are simmering.

Friday, 19.

Fifteen from Connie, which comes handy. Os black gloves.

Saturday, 20.

"It once might have been, once only."
Story of the 2 five dollar umbrellas for $1 & $1.50, and their loss. Oy dems!

"This could have happened but once,
And we missed it, lost it forever!"

Sunday, 21.

Merely lived. O not very well — to dinner

Monday, 22.

Applied for 4 more jobs — ooooooo!

Tuesday, 23.

It's all in the L.A. papers! Wow! We left L.A. Dec. 22, and were married in Oklahoma City Dec. 12!

Wednesday, 24.

I wrote to Connie, telling her how sorry I was it got in the papers; and gave her minute directions for getting $20.50 refund from the Santa Fe.

Thursday, 25

O's back hurts now whenever she rises from a sitting position. Ay Dios!

Friday, 26.

Most of the day in library copying from American Catalog.

Saturday, 27.

We went to hear Savage's Co. in Faust. O says she hates Faust. (It was poorly done)

Sunday, 28

O is getting homesick.

Monday, 29.

$10 from Comie. She wants to know if we still love each other!

Tuesday, 30.

O not very well, and wants home.

Wednesday, 31

O stayed in all day. Quite sick, and suffered.

Thursday, 1.

$25 from O's uncle, via Connie. Answered (via Connie) telling of her marriage. No mention of $2,000, but spoke of breach with her mother. I wrote to Connie, as O is still very weak, that the excursion rate on Feb. 15 was the limit for O's endurance.

Friday, 2.

O suffered all night with pain in her legs this morning I made her beef-tea, and later bought a cold roast chicken (70c) and a bottle of good port wine (50c); and she improved under nourishment.

Saturday, 3.

This is the second day O has not left her bed. She slept last night though, and the pain in her legs & stomach is only slight, and intermittent. We finished the Chicken.

I wrote again to Connie, urging haste. O simply must go home Soon. We play "parcheesi", and old games, and she is very cheerful.

Sunday, 4.

A is better, but suffers in spots, and doesn't leave the house.

Monday, 5.

A out today, and we bought a fairy-tale book.

Tuesday, 6.

A still very weak, suffers at intervals, and has "morning sickness, peculiar to females," all day.

Wednesday, 7.

C.J. told me "The Sleeping Beauty & the Beast" was good. It was not, even with Barney Bernard. $.50 wasted

Thursday, 8.

We got a clean spread today.

Total eclipse of the moon. 9:54 p.m. to 3:40 a.m. It was only partial for me, 'cause I got sleepy. Perfect night: cloudless, clear, cold sky; full moon. Asleep. Woke her, but she wouldn't get up to see it.

Friday, 9.

Afternoon to see Lillian Burkhart.

Saturday, 10

Armenian Vespers. Five years ago tonight!

Sunday, 11.

No word from Connie in answer to any of the letters telling of Di's sickness. Yet she got the first for the check came back without a line.

Monday, 12.

Still no word from Connie, but one old letter from Ina, delayed for a week.

Tuesday, 13.

Were getting very anxious. What on earth has happened. Connie sick? It snowed again all day, but melted at once.

2/14/6

St. Valentine's Day — Wednesday.

O tired of cheap breakfasts. Said she'd like, etc. So we did. Liver & bacon, cream of wheat, chocolate & coffee, toast, gems, baked apple I 80 cents.

No mail, except a Valentine poem O mailed to O yesterday. So we telegraphed to Connie, asking what the trouble was. Answer came that she'd been ill and busy. We stopped at The Holly, and found a letter there — been there 2 days. Connie had no business to address it there, as O told her all mail to general delivery. She says Jack will be there in 10 days, and that he will fix everything. Bah! As if he wouldn't side with C, or at least keep his nose out of it. I've written Connie 12 pages of my views on the subject. How on earth can they ask D for "consent", when we are, as far as "they" know, legally married already? Or is it "permission to return"? Bah once more! Would the Swindle Club think twice before breaking their word and making trouble? Only solution is return to S. Cal. (L.G.-r Harold) and wait quietly till C & D separate — which they will.

Thursday, 15.

Twenty-four page letter to J.P., explaining everything. Two weeks from today we're going home, consent or not.

Friday, 16.

Opal has a bad cold, a frightful headache, a fever and a cough. Pulse 89. For one hour she suffered such agony in her head that I was frightened about her reason. Sobbed violently, and raved. Wrote to Connie, giving our new address. Then came Ó's attack, which I added in a postscript.

Saturday, 17.

She slept only a few hours. Pain all night in her head. Her cold is much worse.

Sunday, 18.

Four grains quinine every 3 hrs. Either she has the worst cold I ever heard of, or else she has not learned to endure pain.

2/19-22/6

Monday, 19.

Q a little better in the morning, but she took a cold bath, and is tonight just as badly off as before. Another night of torture for her.

Wedding present of $5 from A. H. McClintock.

I fear there'll be trouble from so many in the secret of our residence. But we're going home by the first, by God!

Tuesday, 20.

Q quite miserable and stuffed up & coughing.

Wednesday, 21.

"Morning" sickness continues till late afternoon, in addition to the cough & cold.

(Washington's B'day) Thursday, 22.

2 letters from J.P., 1 from Connie, & 2 pkgs. They're crazy in sending passes. Why don't people <u>think</u>?

Illumination of flag on Capitol.

2
23-26
6

Friday, 23.

Q out today – first time she has left her bed for a week.

Saturday, 24.

My turn now. Woozly in afternoon. Supper didn't fit.

Sunday, 25.

Bed all day, except breakfast. Aminnie (8gr.) Foot bath.

Monday, 26.

Sick, but went out, got shaved, and went to Santa Fe office in answer to note from them saying tickets were there. Also $20 cash.

So now, damn it, we have to go that way, instead of Salt Lake. But I couldn't make them understand that our only reason for going Santa Fe was to use up the $20.00 refund, and that as they didn't take the trouble to get it, we might as well have gone Salt Lake.

Tickets were telegraphed Saturday!

2 x 3
27 - 3
6

Tuesday, 27.

Worked like hell all day packing. Sent off the trunks, and went to dinner at "The Popular". My throat was hot, hot, oh so hot! Ate iced lettuce, raw iced oysters, blueberry pie; and ice. Left Denver at 8 p. m.

Wednesday, 28.

Still sick. Bad night; and very stuffy.

Thursday, 1.

Tourist cars are cleaner than palace cars — but they lack toilet conveniences. Very bad night.

Friday, 2

Arrived Pasadena 7:50, and came across to L. A. (to the mission) by electric car.

Saturday, 3.

Connie came out. She takes no more interest.

Sunday, 4.

Connie is completely changed — not half so nice as before. Thinks only of herself.

Monday, 5.

Throat practically well. Cleaned house

Tuesday, 6.

Cleaned house more. Bah!

Wednesday, 7.

Very nice to live near a vegetable garden. The old Chinaman was tickled to death at getting his seats.

Thursday, 8.

Made the plan for the new house. It's a beauty. Not so pretty as J.P.'s but habitable.

Friday, 9.

Opal is all herself again. Home did it.

Saturday, 10.

Modelled the house in clay.

Sunday, 11.

C. J. came out. Farce-tragedy: "Dorothy's gone to Mexico with another man!" He wanted to fight. "After your crime," etc. Told Opal he could have nothing to do with her, as her mother had "gone clean to the devil." I told him he didn't have a better friend in the world than I. "Friendship!" he said. He thinks I am responsible for Dorothy's change. Instead of his owing me everything to make up to me for his performances against my happiness, he thinks I am the cause of his misfortunes. As for "friendship," he is right: I am not his friend. He threw it away — also Jacks.

Monday, 12.

To Comico's, to tell her about C. Thence to the studio. Emptied tubs, and saved things. Slept there. Read Revolt of the Tartars in bed.

Clonesley wrote to Jack for £200; which Jack, being many thousand behind, refused. C replied: "I measure friendship by dollars — you can call ours off." ! ! !

Thursday, 15.

Gil and took the load from the mission, also the cow. While G. took the wagon back, I cleaned out the glue room for a temporary kitchen. Suddenly enter C.J. "Hello," say I. "Hello," he answered. Exit. Re-enter presently. Letter from D & one from Harry Hollingsworth. "As pure as when she left you;" "at the point of a pistol;" "the rattle-brained performances of your detestable family." — "I didn't ask you to speak." — Forget what I said at the ranch about Dorothy." Exit.

Gil came back, we cleaned blue room, & slept.

3
16-22
6

Friday, 16.

Still raining. Returned to Mission to paint walls and clean the news. Wasn't any.

Saturday, 17.

J.P., Q, and I came home on the cars to 504. Dorothy is in L. A. - Slept in C.J's writing room

Sunday, 18.

Worked like the devil.

Wednesday 21.

C.J. came for dishes & things.

Friday, 23.

C.J. for load of things. They have taken a cottage in Pasadena. Query: Have we seen the last of them?

3
25-28
6

Sunday, 25.

Finished papering the dressing room.

Monday, 26.

C.J. married to D at the Boormans. Reporters and phones all afternoon and evening. Brides daughter not invited to wedding; nor grooms half-brother, neither, b'gosh. Bully notice in tonight's record.

Tuesday, 27.

Morning papers all interesting. Tee hee!
Moved Comic Things.

Wednesday, 28.

C.J. came for his $5 (half price of "Love") and wore his new suit & hat, and bore no ill will, and couldn't bear the sight of me, and took away his land.

3
29-31
6

Thursday 29.

Very much of house work.

Friday 30.

Ditto ditto, mostly Connie's room

Saturday, 31.

Connie came to stay — more or less.

4
1-6
6

Sunday, 1.

The new regime. Housekeeping of one an Opal.

Monday, 2.

Wok, work, work, with fingers weary, etc.

Tuesday 3.

Arrival of Komura. Meals at the house.

Wednesday 4.

Komura is a brick. Rent to R. B. S. begins.

Thursday 5.

Komura is not as clean as he might be.

Friday, 6

Met Marshall P. Wilder. Arranged Cottage sale.

4
10-80
6

Tuesday, 10.

Komura, Minister to God, departed.

Friday, 14.

Very nice dinner cooked by Mrs O. Seaight present.

Sunday, 15.

Harry Glazier is a splendid actor (Rachel's Penance)

Wednesday, 25.

Came the refugees - M. & Mme. Barday.
Barbara Frietchie with Connie & D. Glazier and Mestayer great. Beautiful performance.

Sunday, 30.

Chimes of Normandy with J.P. Charming little opera ideally sung - Oh Lottie Kendall, how can you learn it?
Morocco is not enthusiastic about me.

5
8-16
6

Tuesday, 8.

Spent $1.60 to get the oven door fixed, and then did it myself.

Monday, 14.

Mestayer thinks he can take me in his new co.

Wednesday, 16.

Ma's 63rd b'day. Dinner with RBS, Gil, Connie, Ma, O & me present in evening dress. Very formal, and highly amusing. 1-Anniversary address by C.S; and the relish. 2-Declamatory words by RBS; and the salad. 3-Speech of affection by O; and the piece de resistance. 4-Original toast, by me; and the cake with tapers. 5-"Extraneous" reply by G.P; and the cheese. 6-Birthday poem by me; and the dessert.

We had every variety of fruit in the market on the table: oranges, apples, themes, bananas, loquots, blackberries, strawberries, raspberries.

Friday, 18.

Dinner at the Van Rensselaers with Valerie Bergen.
Sarah Bernhardt in "La Sorciere" at Venice
with C. S. Wonderful voice; great actress;
very new to me; and a bad play.

Saturday, 19.

Venice again to see Bernhardt in "La Tosca."
J. P. there; returned with me.

Friday, 25.

Most damnably cold weather — rain
threatening.

Saturday, 26.

Raining — and it's almost June!

Sunday, 27.

Still raining!

6
1-16
6

Friday, 1.

Dark, glowering weather, rain threatened.
(Good word, glowering.)

Tuesday, 5.

Summer has come – real summer.

Monday, 11

Talk with Harry Mestayer. Almost certain of a good position in the new company.

Friday, 15

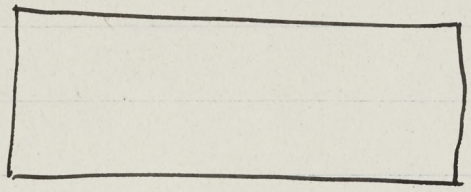
My eyes, which have bothered me for a week, feel better
Swallowed a tack.

Saturday, 16.

Connie went to Modjeska's for a fortnight.

7/14/6

Saturday.

Opal's birthday. We had 30 kinds of fruit on one dish in the center of the table. Apricots, oranges, tangerines, limes, grape fruit, green plums, red plums, blue plums, watermelon, muskmelon, raspberries, strawberries, loganberries, blackberries, sweetwater grapes, muscat grapes, purple grapes, lemons, pineapple, apples, crab-apples, pears, peaches, cocoanut, tomatoes (love apples), white cherries, black cherries, figs and bananas. Also we had a birthday cake about this size  .

The baby had a little glass and a rose all to itself, as we had them, and didn't want to leave little Connie & Tammie out of it. Gilead gave O a bag of nuts; Connie a basket, a baby dress, perfume, a fan, a tiny glass; Ross a bottle of ebony; Ina a lemon drop; Ike a Russian cat, a box of candy, and a box of letter paper. Dear little Opal!

7
15-24
6

Sunday, 15.

"The Half-breed" is a joyous thing.

Tuesday, 17.

So is Lillian Lawson's "Gioconda."

Wednesday 18.

First rehearsal of "Romeo & Juliet". Paris is my part: ~~40~~ 25 lines, 4 entrances.
Later: Mestayer is a skunk.

Thursday 19.

So is Gavin Young's "Benvolio" a joyous thing.

Thursday, 26.

"To Harry Mestayer" orally reviewed by Scott, Atherton Stevens, Greenleaf C.J. and ~~J~~ Jones, Mestayer, who said it was the best description of Oswald he had ever seen.

Monday, 24.

Os pains violent. Dr. Dougall called. O to hospital in a cab in evening.

Tuesday, 25.

Baby should have come, but didn't.

Wednesday, 26.

Baby taken with instruments. Born at 5:15 p. m. Weighed 9½ lbs. Nursed from both sides when first put to breast. The Doctor (I spell advisedly with a capital) says she is a very perfect child. Opal was two hours under chloroform.

Thursday, 27.

The fearful strain is over now, and the baby makes horrible faces when she eats. O is very weak, but contented.

Real end of the Diary — Sept. 26, 1899 to Sept 26, 1906 - 7 years. After baby's birth I kept practically only dates of important events.

10
15-28
6

Monday, 15.

Brought A home in an ambulance, and put her in the library. The nurses who had most to do with A were very nice. (Miss Michelson, Miss Craik, Miss Vaughn). The others were not so nice, but it didn't matter much, as they only had a bit to do.

Friday, 26.

Constance is a month old, & I am 23.

~~Real end of the Diary.~~

Saturday, 27.

First – & last rehearsal of "H.J. Swerking". Open tomorrow.

Sunday, 28.

"Astrologer" in H.J. Swerking, and – damn & hell – I must double as priest in last act.

10
4-12
6

Sunday, 4.

Opening 2nd week "If I were king"

Monday, 12 -

Mrs Spencer arrived. Cest assez!

1/1-/7

Tuesday, 1.

We moved over to the new nursery. Q— bless her heart — is pleased, and so is the Baby.

,18

The mountains, covered with snow, are a glorious sight after this two weeks rain. Its so good to see the sun again!

,31

Connie returned from the Minnewaska, her mother having departed for home. Poor Mr. Shinn! (C.L.S. left here Dec 6)

4/14-/7

Sunday, 14.

Left for Ensenada at 2:30

Monday, 15

Arrived Ensenada 7:30 a.m., to spend a week.
Left Ensenada 8 p.m. to stay away forever.

Tuesday, 16.

Arrived San Diego in a.m., looked though all the bookstores but one, and left on the afternoon train. Reached home in evening, very tired, and still a little seasick.
"Oh, for the cabined sampans, floating free" —— for those who like them, but no mate for me a wet cold deck and a rolling steamer, mingled with the smell of oil and machinery clanking though my unsettled dreams.
"Who hath desired the sea!" Certainly not J.

5
12-16
7

Sunday, 12

Opal and I rode our wheels to Hollenbeck Park. The wind has blown all day. On the bridge we stopped, and watched the great willows on the shore of the lake beneath us tossing their long plumes in the air and sweeping the troubled lake in time with wind.

Thursday, 16.

J.P.'s 64th birthday. We had a little breakfast for her as a surprise. Raspberries and cream and coffee and baby rolls.